



OVER THE TOP

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

TWO ARTILLERYMEN "PUT ONE OVER" ON OLD PEPPER, REGIMENTAL COMMANDER.

Synopsis.—Fired by the sinking of the Lusitania, with the loss of American lives, Arthur Guy Empey, an American living in Jersey City, goes to England and enlists as a private in the British army. After a short experience as a recruiting officer in London, he is sent to training quarters in France, where he first hears the sound of big guns and makes the acquaintance of "cottons." After a brief period of training Empey's company is sent into the front-line trenches, where he takes his first turn on the fire step while the bullets whiz overhead. Empey learns, as comrades fall, that death lurks always in the trenches. Chaplain distinguishes himself by rescuing wounded men under hot fire. With pick and shovel Empey has experience as a trench digger in No Man's Land. Exciting experience on listening post duty. Exciting work on observation post duty.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"Cassell had a fancy for that particular blonde. The answer came back in the shape of a volley of curses. I changed the subject.

"After a while our talk veered round to the way the Boches had been exposing themselves on the road down on the chart as Target 17. What he said about those Boches would never have passed the reichstag, though I believe it would have gone through our censor easily enough.

"The bursting shells were making such a din that I packed up talking and took to watching the captain. He was fidgeting around on an old sandbag with the glass to his eye. Occasionally he would let out a grunt, and make some remark I couldn't hear on account of the noise, but I guessed what it was all right. Fritz was getting fresh again on that road.

"Cassell had been sending in the 'tap code' to me, but I was fed up and didn't bother with it. Then he sent O. S., and I was all attention, for this was a call used between us which meant that something important was on. I was all ears in an instant. Then Cassell turned loose.

"You blankety blank dnd, I have been trying to raise you for fifteen minutes. What's the matter, are you asleep? (Just as if anyone could have slept in that infernal racket!) 'Never mind framing a nasty answer. Just listen.'

"Are you game for putting something over on the Boches and Old Pepper all in one?"

"I answered that I was game enough when it came to putting it over the Boches, but confessed that I had a weakening of the spine, even at the mention of Old Pepper's name.

"He came back with, 'It's so absurdly easy and simple that there is no chance of the old heathen rumbled it. Anyway, if we're caught, I'll take the blame.'

"Under these conditions I told him to spit out his scheme. It was so daring and simple that it took my breath away. This is what he proposed:

"If the Boches should use that road again, to send by the tap system the target and range. I had previously told him about our captain talking out loud as if he were sending through orders. Well, if this happened, I was to send the dope to Cassell and he would transmit it to the battery commander as officially coming through the observation post. Then the battery would open up. Afterwards, during the investigation, Cassell would swear he received it direct. They would have to relieve him, because it was impossible from his post in the battery dugout to know that the road was being used at that time by the Germans. And also it was impossible for him to give the target, range and degrees. You know a battery chart is not passed around among the men like a newspaper from Blighty. From him the investigation would go to the observation post, and the observing officer could truthfully swear that I had not sent the message by phone, and that no orders to fire had been issued by him. The investigators would then be up in the air, we would be safe, the Boches would receive a good bashing, and we would get our own back on Old Pepper. It was too good to be true. I gleefully fell in with the scheme, and told Cassell I was his meat.

"Then I waited with beating heart and watched the captain like a hawk. He was beginning to fidget again and was drumming on the sandbags with his feet. At last, turning to me, he said:

"Wilson, this army is a blankety blank washout. What's the use of having artillery if it is not allowed to fire? The government at home ought to be banged with some of their red tape. It's through them that we have no shells."

"I answered, 'Yes, sir,' and started sending this opinion over the wire to Cassell, but the captain interrupted me with:

"Keep those infernal fingers still. What's the matter, getting the nerves?"

"Then he turned to me and shouted: 'Wilson, what do you think of it? Did you ever see the like of it in your life? D—n a fine work, I call it!'

"Pretty soon a look of wonder stole over his face and he exclaimed:

"But who in h—l gave them the order to fire. Range and everything correct, too. I know I didn't. Wilson, did I give you any order for the battery to open up? Of course I didn't, did I?"

"I answered very emphatically, 'No, sir, you gave no command. Nothing went through this post. I am absolutely certain on that point, sir.'

"Of course nothing went through," he replied. Then his face fell, and he muttered out loud:

"But, by Jove, wait till Old Pepper gets wind of this. There'll be fur flying!"

Just then Bombardier Cassell cut in on the wire:

"General's compliments to Captain A—. He directs that officer and signaler report at the double to brigade headquarters as soon as relieved. Relief now on the way."

"In an undertone to me, 'Keep a brass front, Wilson, and for God's sake, stick.' I answered with, 'Rely on me, mate,' but I was trembling all over. I gave the general's message to the captain, and started packing up.

"I answered, 'Yes, sir,' and started sending this opinion over the wire to Cassell, but the captain interrupted me with:

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"The relief arrived, and as we left the post the captain said:

"Now for the fireworks, and I know they'll be good and plenty. They were."

"When we arrived at the gun pit the battery commander, the sergeant major and Cassell were waiting for us. We fell in line and the funeral march to brigade headquarters started.

"Arriving at headquarters the battery commander was the first to be interviewed. This was behind closed doors. From the roaring and explosions of Old Pepper it sounded as if raw meat was being thrown to the lions. Cassell, later, described it as sounding like a bombing raid. In about two minutes the officer reappeared.

The sweat was pouring from his forehead, and his face was the color of a beet. He was speechless. As he passed the captain he jerked his thumb in the direction of the lion's den and went out. Then the captain went in, and the lions were once again fed.

The captain stayed about twenty minutes and came out. I couldn't see his face, but the drop in his shoulders was enough. He looked like a wet hen.

"The door of the general's room opened and Old Pepper stood in the doorway. With a roar he shouted:

"Which one of you is Cassell? D—n me, get your heels together when I speak! Come in here!"

"Cassell started to say, 'Yes, sir.' But Old Pepper roared, 'Shut up!'

"Cassell came out in five minutes. He said nothing, but as he passed me he put his tongue into his cheek and winked, then, turning to the closed door, he stuck his thumb to his nose and left.

"Then the sergeant major's turn came. He didn't come out our way. Judging by the roaring, Old Pepper must have eaten him.

"When the door opened and the general beckoned to me, my knees started to play 'Home, Sweet Home' against each other.

"My interview was very short. 'Old Pepper glared at me when I entered, and then let loose.

"Of course you don't know anything about it. You're just like the rest. Ought to have a nursing bottle around your neck and a nipple in your teeth. Soldiers—by gad, you turn my stomach to look at you. Win this war, when England sends out such samples as I have in my brigade! Not likely! Now, sir, tell me what you don't know about this affair. Speak up, out with it. Don't be gaping at me like a fish. Spit it out."

"I stammered, 'Sir, I know absolutely nothing.'

"That's easy to see," he roared; "that stupid face tells me that. Shut up. Get out; but I think you are a d—d liar just the same. Back to your battery."

"I saluted and made my exit. That night the captain sent for us. With fear and trembling we went to his dugout. He was alone. After saluting we stood at attention in front of him and waited. His say was short.

"Don't you two ever get it into your heads that Morse is a dead language. I've known it for years. The two of you had better get rid of that nervous habit of tapping transmitters; it's dangerous. That's all."

"We saluted, and were just going out the door of the dugout when the captain called up back and said:

"Smoke Goldflakes? Yes? Well, there are two tins of them on my table. Go back to the battery, and keep your tongues between your teeth. Understand?"

"We understood. For five weeks afterwards our battery did nothing but extra fatigues. We were satisfied and so were the men. It was worth it to put one over on Old Pepper, to say nothing of the injury caused to Fritz' feelings."

When Wilson had finished his story I looked up and the dugout was jammed. An artillery captain and two officers had also entered and stayed for the finish. Wilson spat out an enormous quid of tobacco, looked up, saw the captain, and got as red as a carnation. The captain smiled and left. Wilson whispered to me:

"Blimey me, Yank, I see where I click for crucifixion. That captain is the same one that chucked us Goldflakes in his dugout and here I have been 'chucking me weight about in his hearing."

Wilson never clicked his crucifixion.

Empey tells of a narrow escape in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Land of Lanterns."

Among the Chinese there has existed for ages a passion for fireworks and lanterns. In every city, at every port and on every river and canal, as soon as night comes on, the lanterns make their appearance. They are hung out at the door of every dwelling; they swing as pendants to the angles of the pagoda; they form the fiery crown of every shop front; they cluster round the houses of the rich and light up the hovels of the poor; they are borne with the carriage of the traveler, and they swing from the yards and masts of his vessel.

First Springs Used on Railways.

The first record of the use of springs on railways is George Stephenson's patent of September, 1816. The first locomotive with steel springs was the Agnorita, built by Foster and Rastrick in 1820, and now in South Kensington museum, London. This had laminated springs on the leading wheels.

Hide Picture Wires.

Never, if you can help it, hang pictures so that the wires will show, and do let the pictures hang against the wall as if they were really and truly decoration.

WAGE BOARD GIVES RAIL MEN INCREASE

Allowances, Based on Living Cost, Benefit 1,939,399.

UP TO M'ADOO FOR APPROVAL

Commissioner Submits Report to the Director General, Dealing With Various Phases of the Railroad Situation.

Washington, D. C., May 9.—An advance in wages to 1,939,399 railroad employees, and ranging from 1 per cent to the highest to 43 per cent to the lowest paid, aggregating \$300,000,000 is provided for in the report to Director General McAdoo by the railroad wage commission.

Mr. McAdoo is expected to adopt only part of the recommendations and probably will make a number of different alignments in deciding what wage increases shall be granted.

In general, the director general advocates higher pay for most classes of workmen to enable them to meet increased living costs, but he has been represented as favoring proportionately larger increases for some classes than for others now making the same pay. He also is strongly opposed to granting wage increases which might disarrange the general scheme of pay existing throughout other industries.

Leaders to Protest.

The leaders of the four principal railway brotherhoods found on examining the report that they had been recommended for less than half the increases they had asked of the railroad managements before govern-

average workday, presumably eight hours, but decided that in the war emergency the nation could not afford to put into effect a reform that would slow down the war machinery and discriminate against other classes of workers being called upon for great sacrifices.

Rates of overtime pay are not disturbed and the increases are adjusted to the mileage basis of compensation of some employees, a road engineer, for example, receiving an increase of 1 1/4 per cent in his mileage rate. A scheme of applying the increases to piece work and overtime therefor is also provided.

An important feature of the report was the recommendation that where the same service is rendered the pay shall be the same, without discrimination as to sex or race.

Report of Commission.

The report of the commission, consisting of Franklin K. Lane, secretary of the interior; Charles C. McChord, J. Harry Covington, and William R. Wilcox, is an exhaustive one. In part the report says:

"The requests which have come to us for wage increases, would, if fully granted, involve an additional outlay in wages of somewhat over \$1,000,000,000 per year in excess of the wage fund of last year, which exceeded \$2,000,000,000. Some asked for an increase of 100 per cent in their pay, and from this they graduated downward to 10 per cent. None were satisfied with their present wages.

"To classify the many hundreds of employments in which the 2,000,000 railroad workers engage would be a task calling for more time, skill, insight, and knowledge than we possess. At the outset, it was seen that there were grave inequalities in the rates of wages paid. But who could say what relationship each class of employees should bear to the other? Abstractly, why should an engineer receive \$170 per month and a telegraph operator \$80 per month?"

"In the world of economics this sit-

WOMAN'S NERVES MADE STRONG

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Winona, Minn.—"I suffered for more than a year from nervousness, and was so bad I could not rest at night—would lie awake and get so nervous I would have to get up and walk around and in the morning would be all tired out. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and thought I would try it. My nervousness soon left me. I sleep well and feel fine in the morning and able to do my work. I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to make weak nerves strong."—Mrs. ALBERT SULTZ, 608 Olmstead St., Winona, Minn.

How often do we hear the expression among women, "I am so nervous, I cannot sleep," or "It seems as though I should fly." Such women should profit by Mrs. Sultz's experience and give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial.

For forty years it has been overcoming such serious conditions as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, dizziness, and nervous prostration of women, and is now considered the standard remedy for such ailments.

One-Sided View.

"What sort of a man is Green?"

"Fine. The best ever."

"Is he trustworthy?"

"Very."

"Would you lend money to him?"

"As to that I can't say. I've never lent him any. I've only borrowed from him."

ON GUARD

At this time of the year people feel weak, tired, listless, their blood is thin, they have lived indoors and perhaps expended all their mental and bodily energy and they want to know how to renew their energy and stamina, overcome headaches and backaches, have clear eyes, a smooth, ruddy skin, and feel the exhilaration of real good health tingling thru their body. Good, pure, rich, red blood is the best insurance against ills of all kinds. Almost all diseases come from impure and impoverished blood. It is to be noticed in the pale or pinny face, the tired, haggard appearance or the listless manner.

Drink hot water a half hour before meals, and for a vegetable tonic there's nothing better than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the old-fashioned herbal remedy, which has had such a fine reputation for fifty years. It contains no alcohol or narcotics. It is made from Golden Seal root, Blood-root, Oregon grape root, Queen's root, Black Cherry bark, extracted with glycerine and made into tablets and liquid. Tablets sixty cents, at most drug stores.

In order to insure pure blood and to build up the system try this tonic known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Get it now!

ment control started and which they repeated before the commission. Their somewhat less than 40 per cent, and increases for them average less than 20 per cent.

Some union leaders who anticipated that the commission's recommendations would not be as great as amounts as they had asked already have appealed to Director General McAdoo to amend the proposed scale to give them higher pay. Others, however, virtually have agreed to accept the report.

The wage advances, which range all the way from \$1 to \$34 a month, are increases above the amount of pay each employee was receiving on December 31, 1915. Employees who have received advances since that date will benefit now to the extent of the difference between their present wage and that fixed by the wage commission.

The net cost of the additional pay to the railroads is estimated at \$290,000,000. This is exclusive of the estimated deficit of \$800,000,000 in government operation of the railroads this year, as a result of which Director General McAdoo contemplates advancing passenger rates at least 2 1/2 per cent and freight rates possibly as much as 15 per cent.

Based on Living Cost.

The scheme of wage advances adopted is based on an inquiry into the cost of living, which the commission found has increased approximately 40 per cent to the average railroad employee receiving \$85 a month.

The commission favors a shorter

union has been made by the simple application of supply and demand, which in the past now varied, unregulated, and modified by those limitations arising out of the artificial but necessary and historic methods of collective bargaining.

"Nevertheless, there stands out one dominating fact, recognized by railroad workers as well as by railroad officials—that the lower grades of railroad employment, those in which the supply of labor has been less restricted, and where organization has been difficult, if not impossible, deserve wage increases out of proportion to the increases for those in superior grades.

"An unprecedented call had come for men of certain trades in connection with the new industries that had been created by the war in Europe, and this long before our entry into the conflict. Machinists and iron workers of all kinds found themselves to be essential to the great munition plants and day labor of the most unskilled character rose into high demand.

Cut Off Those Not Needed.

"The commission recommends that during the period of government conduct of the railroads no salaries paid to officials who are not essential to the operation of the roads shall be charged as part of the operating expenses.

"There should be constituted a tribunal or tribunals to continue the study of railroad labor problems, composed in part at least of men experienced in this kind of work, for conditions are ever changing."

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